

Daily Kentuckian

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This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war.

OUR SERVICE FLAG



REMEMBER THE SLOGAN.

There is no need for any man in Hopkinsville at this time to leave home in search of work. In every line of trade, there is a strong and growing demand for more labor. The Motor Wagon Company is advertising for men, the tobacco factories are all short of labor, the carpenters, the bricklayers, the stoves are nearly all handicapped by the loss of employees and even day labor is hard to get. The farmers are clamoring for more hands and a call is near at hand that will take 500 more men into the military service. Keep stenographers and typewriters are growing scarcer every week, as the government is calling for such help at Washington.

Laborers and workmen who leave Hopkinsville eventually return, having found that everything considered it would have paid them to remain. Living expenses in strange towns soon use up the wages that seem high and many have to borrow money to get back home. Hopkinsville offers opportunities to its own people and to those of other towns who want work. Don't leave Hopkinsville but stay and do your "bit at home." "Greater Hopkinsville Wants You."

It is stated officially that a withdrawal by the British armies in France in the event of a heavy German offensive was planned months ago, and the retirement was a masterly operation. Berlin claims the capture of Chauny, Peronne and Ham, and declares that a violent battle is now raging for possession of Bapaume. The report says that the Somme River has been crossed at various places. It also declares that American and French regiments were brought up to re-enforce the British. The sanguinary battle continued throughout Sunday.

A monster gun which has been hurling shells into Paris has been located in the Forest of St. Gobain, seventy-six miles from the French capital. The bombardment continued most of Sunday, but traffic was resumed and the Sunday crowds on the boulevards were as much in evidence as on other occasions. Paris newspapers, while praising German ingenuity for the perfection of the gun, inveigh against the useless barbarity of bombarding a defenseless city. Air raids in reprisal are urged.

Five thousand drums of lethal gas Sunday were let loose on the German trenches between Lens and Hill 19 by Canadian troops. This was one of the greatest gas bombardments of the war. The Germans were caught unprepared and the casualties must have been great.

The war department takes the view that Germany's offensive on the west front is a play to the German people by the militarist, whose way no longer is absolute. No definite enveloping movement as yet has been outlined.

It is reported that Chinese bandits, held two American engineers in the province of Honan, and threaten to decapitate their prisoners unless the cash ransom demanded is turned over. The bandits gave until yesterday for the money to be paid.

A NERVOUS WRECK

From Three Years' Suffering. Says Cardui Made Her Well.

Texas City, Tex.—In an interesting statement, Mrs. G. H. Schill, of this town, says: "For three years I suffered untold agony with my head. I was unable to do any of my work."

I just wanted to sleep all the time, for that was the only case I could get, when I was asleep. I became a nervous wreck just from the awful suffering with my head.

I was so nervous that the least noise would make me jump out of my bed. I had no energy, and was unable to do anything. My son, a young boy, had to do all my household duties.

I was not able to do anything until I took Cardui. I took three bottles in all, and it surely cured me of those awful headaches. That has been three years ago, and I know the cure is permanent, for I have never had any headache since taking Cardui.

Nothing relieved me until I took Cardui. It did wonders for me."

Try Cardui for your troubles—made from medicinal ingredients recommended in medical books as being of benefit in female troubles, and 40 years of use has proven that the books are right. Begin taking Cardui today. NC-134 (Advertisement)

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

Machine Gunner Serving in France

The dugouts were all smashed in and knocked about, big square-cut timbers splintered into bits, walls caved in and entrances choked.

Tommy, after taking a trench, learns to his sorrow that the hardest part of the work is to hold it.

In our case this proved to be so. The German artillery and machine guns had us taped (ranged) for fair; it was worth your life to expose yourself an instant.

Don't think for a minute that the Germans were the only sufferers; we were clicking casualties so fast that you needed an adding machine to keep track of them.

Did you ever see one of the steam shovels at work on the Panama canal? Well, it would look like a hen scratching alongside of a Tommy "digging in" while under fire. You couldn't see daylight through the clouds of dirt from his shovel.

After losing three out of six men of our crew we managed to set up our machine gun. One of the legs of the tripod was resting on the chest of a half-buried body. When the gun was firing, it gave the impression that the body was breathing. This was caused by the excessive vibration.

Three or four feet down the trench, about three feet from the ground, a foot was protruding from the earth. We knew it was a German by the black leather boot. One of our crew used that foot to hang extra bandoliers of ammunition on. This man always was a handy fellow; made use of little points that the ordinary person would overlook.

The Germans made three counter-attacks, which we repulsed, but not without heavy loss on our side. They also suffered severely from our shell and machine-gun fire. The ground was spotted with their dead and dying.

The next day things were somewhat quieter, but not quiet enough to bury the dead.

We lived, ate and slept in that trench with the unburied dead for six days. It was awful to watch their faces become swollen and discolored. Towards the last the stench was fierce.

What got on my nerves the most was that foot sticking out of the dirt. It seemed to me, at night, in the moonlight, to be trying to twist around. Several times this impression was so strong that I went to it and grasped it in both hands, to see if I could feel a movement.

I told this to the man who had used it for a hatrack just before I lay down for a little nap, as things were quiet, and I needed a rest pretty badly. When I woke up the foot was gone. He had cut it off with our chain saw out of the spare parts' box, and had plastered the stump over with mud.

During the next two or three days, before we were relieved, I missed that foot dreadfully; seemed as if I had suddenly lost a chum.

I think the worst thing of all was to watch the rats, at night, and sometimes in the day, run over and play about among the dead.

awful sights that it makes no impression. In passing a butcher shop you are not shocked by seeing a dead turkey hanging from a hook. Well, in France, a dead body is looked upon from the same angle.

But, nevertheless, when our six days were up, we were tickled to death to be relieved.

Our machine gun company lost seventeen killed and thirty-one wounded in that little local affair of "straightening the line," while the other companies clicked it worse than we did.

After the attack we went into reserve billets for six days, and on the seventh once again we were in rest billets.

CHAPTER XXII.

Punishments and Machine-Gun Stunts. Soon after my arrival in France; in fact, from my enlistment, I had found that in the British army discipline is very strict. One has to be very careful in order to stay on the narrow path of government virtue.

There are about seven million ways of breaking the king's regulations; to keep one you have to break another.

The worst punishment is death by a firing squad, or "up against the wall," as Tommy calls it.

This is for desertion, cowardice, mutiny, giving information to the enemy, looting, rape, robbing the dead, forcing a safeguard, striking a superior, etc.

Then comes the punishment of sixty-four days in the front-line trench without relief. During this time you have to engage in all raids, working parties in No Man's Land, and every hazardous undertaking that comes along. If you live through the sixty-four days you are indeed lucky.

This punishment is awarded where there is a doubt as to the willful guilt of a man who has committed an offense punishable by death.

Then comes the famous field punishment No. 1. Tommy has nicknamed it "crucifixion." It means that a man is spread-eagled on a timber wheel, two hours a day for twenty-one days. During this time he only gets water, bully beef and biscuits for his chow. You get "crucified" for repeated minor offenses.

Next in order is field punishment No. 2.

This is confinement in the "clink," without blankets, getting water, bully beef and biscuits for rations and doing all the dirty work that can be found. This may be for twenty-four hours or twenty days, according to the gravity of the offense.

Then comes "pack drill" or defaulters' parade. This consists of drilling, mostly at the double, for two hours with full equipment. Tommy hates this, because it is hard work. Sometimes he fills his pack with straw to lighten it, and sometimes he gets caught. If he gets caught, he groans at everything in general for twenty-one days, from the vantage point of a timber wheel.

Next comes "C. B." meaning "confined to barracks." This consists of staying in billets or barracks for twenty-four hours to seven days. You also get an occasional defaulters' parade and dirty jobs around the quarters.

The sergeant major keeps what is known as the crime sheet. When a man commits an offense, he is "crimed," that is, his name, number and offense is entered on the crime sheet. Next day at 9 a. m. he goes to the "orderly room" before the captain, who either punishes him with "C. B." or sends him before the O. C. (officer commanding battalion). The captain of the company can only award "C. B."

Tommy many a time has thanked the king for making that provision in his regulations.

To gain the title of a "smart soldier," Tommy has to keep clear of the crime sheet, and you have to be darned smart to do it.

I have been on it a few times, mostly for "Yankee impudence."

During our stay of two weeks in rest billets our captain put us through a course of machine-gun drills, trying out new stunts and theories.

After parades were over, our guns' crews got together and also tried out some theories of their own in reference to handling guns. These courses had nothing to do with the advancement of the war, consisted mostly of causing tricky jams in the gun, and then the rest of the crew would endeavor to locate as quickly as possible the cause of the stoppage. This amused them for a few days and then things came to a standstill.

One of the boys on my gun claimed that he could play a tune while the gun was actually firing, and demonstrated this fact one day on the target range. We were very enthusiastic and decided to become musicians.

After constant practice I became quite expert in the tune entitled "All Conductors Have Big Feet."

When I had mastered this tune, our two weeks' rest came to an end, and once again we went up the line and took over the sector in front of G-wood.

At this point the German trenches ran around the base of a hill, on the top of which was a dense wood. This wood was infested with machine guns, which used to traverse our lines at will, and sweep the streets of a little village, where we were billeted while in reserve.

There was one gun in particular which used to get our goats, it had the exact range of our "elephant" dugout entrance, and every morning about the time rations were being brought up, its bullets would knock up the dust on the road; more than one Tommy went West or to Blighty by running into them.

This gun got our nerves on edge, and Fritz seemed to know it, because

ENDORSED AT HOME

SUCH PROOF AS THIS SHOULD CONVINCE ANY HOPKINS.

VILLE CITIZEN.

The public endorsement of a local citizen is the best proof that can be produced. None better, none stronger can be had. When a man comes forward and testifies to his fellow-citizens, addresses his friends and neighbors, you may be sure he is thoroughly convinced or he would not do so. Telling one's experience when it is for the public good is an act of kindness that should be appreciated. The following statement given by a resident of Hopkinsville adds one more to the many cases of Home Endorsement which are being published about Doan's Kidney Pills. Read it.

J. M. Lacy, grocer, 207 E. Seventeenth street, Hopkinsville, says: "I was subject to attacks of kidney colic and suffered from severe pain that was almost unbearable. Knowing of others who had been helped by Doan's Kidney Pills, I took them. They put my kidneys in good order and relieved other kidney annoyances."

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

He never gave us an hour's rest. Our reputation as machine gunners was at stake; we tried various ruses to locate and put this gun out of action, but each one proved to be a failure, and Fritz became a worse nuisance than ever. He was getting fresher and more careless every day, took all kinds of liberties with us—thought he was invincible.

Then one of our crew got a brilliant idea and we were all enthusiastic to put it to the test.

Here was his scheme: When firing my gun, I was to play my tune, and Fritz, no doubt, would fall for it, try to imitate me as an added insult. This gunner and two others would try, by the sound, to locate Fritz and his gun. After having got the location, they would mount two machine guns in trees, in a little clump of woods to the left of our cemetery, and while Fritz was in the middle of his lesson, would open up and trust to luck. By our calculations, it would take at least a week to pull off the stunt.

If Fritz refused to swallow our bait, it would be impossible to locate his special gun, and that's the one we were after, because they all sound alike, a slow pup-pup-pup.

Our prestige was hanging by a thread. In the battalion we had to endure all kinds of insults and fresh remarks as to our ability in silencing Fritz. Even to the battalion that German gun was a sore spot.

Next day, Fritz opened up as usual. I let him fire away for a while and then butted in with my "pup-pup-pup-pup-pup." I kept this up quite a while, used two belts of ammunition. Fritz had stopped firing to listen. Then he started in; sure enough, he had fallen for our game, his gun was trying to imitate mine, but, at first he made a horrible mess of that tune. Again I butted in with a few bars and stopped.

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Work for all who apply at good wages.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over over 30 years, has borne the signature of... GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of... In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

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FOR SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION AT THE COURT HOUSE DOOR ON Monday, April 1st, 1918 AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M. My residence and lot located on Water street between 13th and 14th streets. This lot fronts the residence on William H. Forbes and the new Methodist church and is a neat, comfortable, close-in home proposition with good lot, modern conveniences, good garden and all necessary out-buildings. TERMS—One-third cash, balance in monthly payments or to suit purchaser. GARNER E. DALTON

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